McNairy County Independent.

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SPECIAL NOTICE

July 1st and Jan. 1st most subscriptions expire. Statements will be sent to the July subscribers and we expect they will be paid. Those in Selmer may save the mortification (?) of being dunned by calling now. Our 14th year expires with two more issues. Begin the new year with a clean record or go on the D. H. list.

Sunday School Convention at Shiloh

J. W. Prather, J. B. Graham and J. W. Purviance, out of a bigness of heart and loyalty to the Sunday School cause, Sunday morning took seats in J. E. Powers' "Barney" for historic Shiloh. It was the annual convention of the Third District, J. T. Williams president,

It was a very pleasant day for such a trip. Going via Adamsville, the drive was a delightful one. The good people of Adamsville were just out of their morning nap, though it was 8:30. Soon we were at the cemetery, and spent a pleasant social hour with our old friend, Capt. Dean, who for 12 years has been the efficient superintendent of the cemetery. It had been several years since we had visited the cemetery, and during that time the grounds and general appearance of this sacred and beautiful spot have been improved, and looked like nothing more could be done to add to its beauty. To Capt. Dean, who greeted us so cordially, we were constrained to promise him to attend the next decoration day, if alive, and make another talk on the occasion.

Driving through the Park we came to the world known Shiloh church, made sacred by the blood of the contending armies in the great civil war.

The convention was called to order and several songs sweetly sung by the choir. When we say that A. R. Boshart was one of the leaders, you may know the singing was good. As usual, some of those on the program were not present, but the Selmer contingent supplied the waste places during the day, which added much to the "gayety of the occasion."

A repast was had at the noon hour when Prather, Williams, Graham, and at least one other enjoyed a most appetizing repast.

After an adjournment, fixing Pleasant Ridge as the next place of meeting, we took our departure, returning by way of Stantonville, where cold drinks and cigars were pleasantly enjoyed.

About two miles from Stantonville we met a crippled Maxwell with two couples of Selmer people and Mr. Vestell and a silent engine which positively refused to go any further. After Powers and other mechanicians experimented with the patient for a couple of hours, it was thought best to leave them and return if the old critter would not go. We left, but soon after she hove in sight in our rear, and kept up a lively clip to the colored church, where she went into the sulks, and was pulled in by another car.

All in all we had a most pleasant trip and came home couscious in the belief that some good seed had been sown in fertile soil for the great Sunday School cause.

Patton Withdraws

We are credibly informed by C. B. Steadman, chairman of judicial committee, and Judge H. P. Wood, that W. C. Patton has withdrawn from the race for Attorney General in the primary on Saturday.

Close of Revival

Rev. McKissick closed a meeting of two weeks Monday night. The meeting resulted in a number of conversions, amounting to some dozen, and several reclamations of former members who had fallen by the way. Bro. McKissick is a strong and forceful speaker, and socially a most agreeable gentleman. He left for Shreveport, La., to conduct a meeting.

NEW YORK LETTER

One would naturally expect to find immense stores in New York city, and they are certainly here, in number. Among seven millions of people there are many millionaires, and they can find plenty of expensive things to buy here. On lower Broadway the other day I saw some glittering gowns displayed in the great windows of a famous store. They seemed to be hung with finely polished metal strips, with different rainbow-colors on them. Then there was a cloak of Russian black fox fur, with the price of fifty thousand dollars marked on it. I find, however, that really good clothes are no more expensive here than in other places, and that the famous places of business are extremely careful to satisfy the customers.

My watch needed cleaning, and I took it to John Wanamaker's. That was a store worth seeing. There are many different departments, and perhaps five times as many clerks in that one place of business as there are people in Selmer. As I walked into a rear entrance from the subway I went through department after department till I reached the grand entrance on Ninth street, where an enormous man of color, with the grace and the elegant accent of a senator, told me how to find the watch depatrment: go across the street to the other part of the store, etc. The man looked like a very handsome negro, but he said he was an East Indian. I suspected that Charleston, South Carolina, was as near as he had been to the East Indies. He was in uniform, had a voice like a bass drum, and was at least 6 feet 6. He had a brother in the other store that looked like his twin. The two niggers perhaps get almost as much as a congressman.

Most of the clerks seemed to be women, all dressed in dark uniforms, and all as polite and nice as could be. After passing through the fine goods, book and stationary departments, I came to the watch section, handed over my ticker, and got a cheap one to carry, with Wanamaker's name engraved in big letters, till mine was repaired, which took ten days. Two dollars and a half was the price, only for cleaning, but when I got it back it was like a new watch.

I told the manager of that floor, a nice-looking man of about 50, that I wanted some information about the store, for use in an article for the McNairy, Tennessee, Independent, for the benefit of the readers, and not necessarily to advertise the store. He said I should go up to Mr. So and So on the 10th floor, who would give me a full history, but I told him I would take what he had to say. Then he proceeded to tell me the following interesting particulars:

John Wanamaker makes his home in Philadelphia. It was there that he made his start in business, but his New York branch is rapidly outgrowing other side stores. The manager here gets $30,000 a year, and there are a number of buyers for the store who receive $12,000 to $20,000 a year for their services. Some of these are women, and their judgement as to styles and qualities is of great value to the business. The lowest-paid employees are the messenger and cash boys who receive $3.50 to $6.00 a week. There is a system of promotions which raises the salaries of these lower grades as they show their ability to do the work better. There is also a sick fund to which all contribute who so desire, and the sick ones are thus cared for while laid up; and there is also a fund for burying the dead.

There are forty-five acres of floor space in the Wanamaker store, which covers parts of two blocks from Eighth to Tenth streets. Down under Ninth street it is all store, and busy crowds circulate there and buy their choice of goods, regardless of the multitudes of people and throngs of automobiles passing over their heads on the street above. The business moves on like a mighty river, with little noise but great power, and it is a tribute to the strength and majesty of a good name, which, while "greater than riches," means riches itself when applied to a business here. The name of John Wanamaker attached to any guarentee or any propersition will gain public favor, no matter what the object. He has spent the greatest part of a long life (he must be far over 70, now) in building up this immense business, but if one were to ask him of which he was the most proud, he would undoubtedly say: "my Sunday School." For many years he has taught Sunday school in Philadelphia, and may be doing it yet, for ought I know.

The only time I ever saw John Wanamaker was in 1892, when my brother and I, then in Washington, called at the Post Office Department to get a look at him. He was then postmaster general. We had no business on earth with him; just wanted to look at him, that was all, for we had read a lot about him. Entering the ante-room of his office and looking at the slick nigger that stood guard there, we got scared, and began to wish we might not find Mr. Wanamaker there. But we did, and very soon a slender, gray-haired man with a kindly but very keen countenance stepped in, so spick-and-span looking that he seemed to have come from a band-box in one of his own stores, and shook hands with us, and wanted to know how he could serve us. What could we say! I managed to blurt out that we were from Florida, and had heard of him. It seemed to please him that anybody from as far away as Florida had heard of John Wanamaker, and he smiled his brightest and said something nice to us, which I have now forgotten. Some way we got out of it, without making downright fools of ourselves, but I suspect that he more than once smiled in thinking of our awkward visit to him, and knew we only wanted to look him over. His store here is at the old A. T. Stewart stand. Stewart was one of the first of the famous merchant princes of New York, and he was made particularly noteworthy after his death by the act of some ghouls in breaking into his tomb and stealing his body. I don't think it ever was recovered.

The biggest store in New York is that of B. Altman, perhaps, on Fifth avenue. Then there is Gimbel Brothers, Macy's, etc. The latter store occupies a corner site, except that right at the outer corner there is a little building which no amount of money seems to be able to buy. No doubt Macy would be willing to give the owner several times its real value in order to own the whole corner, but he cannot get it.

I inquired as to the rental values along Park Row and other places. One man, who had about twenty-five feet front, told me he had to pay $1,000 a month for the one room. There is a store somewhere here that is only three feet wide, used as a cobbler shop, and it is always rented at a good price.

The New York Tribune runs a department in its paper called the "Ad-Visor," in which, two or three times a week, people are privileged to tell of places where they have been swindled by merchants. The writers whose letters are printed get two dollars apiece for them, and some of the letters praise good treatment, while others show up sharp practices. Names and locations of stores, and the whole transaction, whether good or bad, appear in that column, and its publication has had a very wholesome effect upon business men generally, for to be shown up in that great newspaper as a fraud and a cheat is a great damage to any firm. Many of course threaten to sue for damages, but the Tribune says all comers in that line will be made welcome, and somebody gets hit every week, some of them big firms carrying millions in stock.

So far as I have seen, a person of ordinary intelligence stands no more risk of getting cheated here in purchases than he would anywhere else. He must keep his eyes open for short-change artists, bad money sharps, etc. (There is little money here that is not good, although you occasionally see a Canadian dime or quarter.) The ticket sellers in the subway and elevated stations have to be mighty quick on points like that.

LINDSAY S. PERKINS.

BUCK SNORT

GIVES SOME SEASONABLE ADVICE

I heard some fellers a-argufyin
Politics;
About the tariff and Billy Bryan
And sich tricks.
While they was a-talkin the grass was a-growin;
I thought they'd better a been a-hoein.

Some was a-sayin they trusted no man—
Let up!
Some was a-slanderin a widder woman—
Shet up!
I druther be kicked by a stud jackass
Than come across a snake-in-the-grass.

We're all made by the same Creator.
It's wrong.
Git to yer work and hold yer tater
And tongue.
Bryan wont plow your garden patch,
Ner the tariff save you from Old Scratch!

Hickory Holler, Tenn., June 10, 1916.

The Problem of Tuberculosis

(A Paper read before the McNairy County Medidal Society, at Stantonville, Tennessee, June 15, 1916, by Dr. T. G. Jackson, of Gravelhill).

The Problem of Tuberculosis; The Responsibilities and Obligation Devolving Upon the Public, and the Profession.

In solving any problem of the community, agitation, discussion and education of the public is necessary. The great White Plague has been so insiduously, so unrelentlessly, and so unremittingly gathering in its unfortunate victims, that the public and the Medical Profession have become somewhat hardened to the tragedies surrounding us. We are appalled at the slaughter of the European war; over one million men have been killed, yet this is no more than the estimated death rate of Europe from Tuberculosis yearly. In the United States in 1906 the death rate from Tuberculosis was one hundred and thirty eight thousand. This statement was made by Irving Fisher, Professor of Political Economy of Yale University, who also estimated that the yearly death rate in the United States equaled the combined deaths from typhoid fever, scarlet fever, smallpox, diphthera, cancer, diabetes, appendicitis, and meningitis. If this condition be true—and it is beyond dispute—why is it that our counties, cities, states and our Federal government allow this condition to continue? Public funds are spent, trained men on fixed salaries are employed and stringent regulations are enforced to check and eradicate other infectious diseases that do not carry off one tenth part of the population as that caused by Tuberculosis. Is this country so niggardly as to its expenditures, that the money involved in a campaign against so great a foe is too staggering for our politicians? Would not an active campaign with money to fight this dread disease be a good investment?

Dr. Osler estimates that in the United States there are a million and a quarter at all times suffering from Tuberculosis, figuring that at least one fourth of this number are unable to work. At one dollar and fifty cents per day, this would mean a loss of wages from these disabled consumptives to the amount of One Hundred and Forty Million Dollars yearly. Not only that, but the expense of these sick upon their families added to the loss in wages means a loss to the people of the United States of Five Million Dollars Yearly.

If the United States can stand a loss to its people of this amount, would it not be a good business policy to spend at least that much yearly to curtail and ultimateiy eradicate this terrible scourge? If that amount was placed in the hands of a National Bureau of Health yearly, a grip would be taken on this great scourge that would mean its ultimate eradication.

In the time allotted for such a paper as this it will be impossible to enumerate, and elaborate, on all the measures that will help to curtail this dread disease, the more important of which are: First, early diagnosis, and the adoption of radical treatment; Second, the prevention of indiscriminate expectoration; Third, the destruction of sunless, illy ventilated, windowless, sleeping rooms; Fourth, the establishment of better sanitation in workshop, industrial plants, private dwellings, schools, and assembly halls; Fifth, the establishment of sanitariums for curable diseases; Sixth, the establishment of hospitals for advanced cases, not only for the relief of these patients, but to remove a source of massive infection from children and adults where such consumptives may live; Seventh, and finally, the education of fathers and mothers, and their growing children just coming into adolescence, that the best prevention against tuberculosis is the avoidance of dark and poorly ventilated houses, the avoidance of milk from tuberculous cows, the avoidance of poor food, the avoidance of late hours and dissipation, and the avoidance of long hours of over work, or over study.

It is to be regretted that in the above list of preventive measures there could not be listed a vaccine producing immunity; but there is at present no vaccine of proven and reliable value. Fortunate it is for humanity that we receive our vaccination of living bacilla in sufficiently small doses in early life, that a degree of immunity is produced to afford protection from activity of this disease to the majority of humanity.

Naglie has found that 97 per cent of all adults who die of diseases other than Tuberculosis are somewhat tuberculous. The patient, then, who develops Tuberculosis and who along with their families try to figure out where they received the infection, would do better if they would think over the ways and times when they have lowered their vitality, and Natural Resistance that caused development and activity of the disease.

To summarize: the public must be educated to the fact that the prevention of, and eradication of Tuberculosis is not the task of the medical profession alone, but at least 90 per cent of the responsibility is upon their shoulders. The public must be educated to the fact that a National Bureau of Health with sufficient funds to fight effectively such a dread disease as this is as important in our national defense, as is our National Defense against foreign invasion.

And finally, to help check the spread of Tuberculosis, and to help to ultimately eradicate this terrible scourge is worthy of the best efforts of every practitioner of medicine, and should elicit the loyal and energetic support of every citizens of these great United States.